

The Daily Courier.

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THE COURIER COMPANY,
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MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 27, 1915.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Connellsville has been spared at least because of the fact that her citizens have frequently given substantial support and encouragement to industries which have been successful. The fact that the new company will be in Youngstown, O. The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company is not a great secret, but it is a home interest looking out for home interest. The Tribune says:

"Connellsville has never had faith enough in itself and its works, especially its steel works. Johnstown should have been a factor in what's going on and it might have been a considerable factor had some far-seeing Johnstown of twenty years ago urged that the town invest in our own particular line of steel stocks. In the past twenty years more than \$10,000,000 have been paid out in wages in this city to the men at the furnaces, mills, and mines. Most of that money stayed here. Had \$1,000,000, \$5,000,000, or \$10,000,000 been invested in steel stocks, perhaps the town would have been more liberally consulted as to the future of a great industrial enterprise."

"The town has been loyal to its great steel industry. It is not striking a great many of us that we owed to ourselves, and the community, something more than loyalty? Is it not peculiarly dawning upon us that somehow or other we neglected the duty of acquiring such a substantial interest, which, cemented by a common and double concern, would have required that Johnstown be consulted in any important movement?"

"One might well ask, at this stage of the proceedings, why Johnstown did not prefer the shares of a steel works whose per ton earnings necessary to pay interest charges and six per cent. on the outstanding stock is but \$1.85, as against that of the several other mills which are undoubtedly prospering under any fair conditions, but one cannot help but wish its present and future were to be influenced to some extent by those who live within sight of its furnaces and mills."

GOVERNMENT BY REGULATION.

The extent to which the number of commissions, investigating committees and regulatory bureaus have been established at Washington during recent years becomes strikingly significant when the cost of these agencies to the Federal government is considered.

For the present fiscal year, ending June 30th, next, more than \$9,000,000 will be expended in maintaining and operating these regulatory activities. The Interstate Commerce Commission is the most costly of the several tribunals which are busy keeping in tune the branches of the government and adding increasing burdens by taxation and otherwise to capital, business and industry.

The growth in its expenditures from a modest sum at the beginning to approximately \$9,000,000 a year, forms an illuminating example of the possibilities in the way of expending the people's money which he before some of the more recently constituted bodies of commissioners, investigators and regulators. The Federal Trade Commission, the latest addition to the commission family, already has hampered in its activities and annihilated by the measure allowance of \$25,000 for its first year's operation. A round million is listed as a reasonable requirement for the next year.

The Federal health bureau will expend \$2,358,000 during this year, notwithstanding every state and every municipality, large or small, maintains its own board of health. This enormous appropriation is aside from that made for the health departments of every branch of the military, naval and revenue service, and other minor activities comprehended by the broad designation, public health regulation. Supplementing the \$9,000,000 which the foregoing and other regulatory activities will require, over \$5,000,000 will be expended in testing, inspecting and regulating medicines and beverages used by the people and thus appears that over \$17,000,000 will be expended in a single year in attempting to make the corporations be good in protecting the people from each other.

The situation in which we find ourselves cannot be precisely defined as part of the Preparedness plan, which so much is heard, except in so far as the necessity presses upon the taxpayers to prepare for paying the bills.

Connellsville cannot advertise her natural advantages too thoroughly, which means that she cannot spend of them too frequently or too forcibly. But when her enterprising citizens have negotiations with industries with a view to locating them here, the few Connellsvillians who are interested in the welfare of the town will be glad to advertise them as they have become a part and parcel of Connellsville enterprise.

There are times when the river water can't be beaten as a native drink without treatment or trimmings.

The Atlantic Coast is getting the best storms of this season.

"BECAUSE IT'S CHRISTMAS!"

"Just because it's Christmas," was the reply of Henry C. Frick to an inquiring reporter when he was asked to explain why he had arranged to cash in the savings accounts of 41,000 school children aggregating \$161,000 in a Pittsburgh savings bank.

Here in the Connellsville coke region, where Henry C. Frick was born and reared and where we know him, this answer does not need a diagram. At the mines and ovens pouring his name over 20,000 workers are now employed representing a population of 100,000 at upwards of 100 towns and villages, and in each and every one of them for a great many years past Jolly old Santa Claus has appeared at this season of the year, and in behalf of Henry C. Frick and his company has made the hearts of all the children glad. "Just because it's Christmas!"

While he has never publicly confessed, there is reason to suspect that Henry C. Frick loves children. This might further explain his action and interpret his remark, "Just because it's Christmas."

The Honorable James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, professing against the Woman Suffrage lobby in Congress, which he declares makes "the corridors of the Capitol appear like the shopping district during a military opening." The Democratic party is not unanimous on this question of Woman Suffrage.

Connellsville did its fine Christmas business and everybody is satisfied to do it all over again except fathers.

The head of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, who has served since 1867, has been directed to make a salary of \$8,000 a year. This Democratic administration is not very strong for the Civil Service between friends.

That Thompson's Christmas tree didn't arrive, but Uniontown had a very attractive one.

London hears whispers of peace. They are greatly relieved, which is a proper time, but they come from Germany, which is the wrong place. Peace propositions from London should come from London.

The Thompson angel promises to fight today.

Petromorpha is the latest occupational disease. With the advancing price of gasoline and the threat of a new tax upon the same, however, it may become quite fashionable.

Medical science announces the antidote for the whooping cough. Let everybody bark in derision of the whoop.

Triple damages for mining coal is not founded in exact justice; but it was designed as an underground police system where any other kind is impossible. A peculiarity about this system is that it puts the burden of guarding another's line upon the operator who is encroaching upon it.

The present session of Congress, it is predicted, will be long and full of trouble. It wouldn't be a Democratic Congress if it wasn't.

The Uniontown Standard estimates that Workmen's Compensation will cost Fayette county \$1,500,000 annually, and the county cannot afford it. Perhaps not; but the county can pass it along.

The Tummy Tiger promises to become a White House pet.

The elections in China were regarded as being a failure because in so many districts not more than one voter in every thousand cast his vote and he was usually on the side of the administration. However, a great many of them joined the revolting army when a monarchy was proposed.

Christmas passed quietly in the trenches, but that was a preferable passing.

The Democratic plan for rural credits is complete and will soon be submitted to Republican inspection. This is a Democratic Congress, but Republicans are going to be allowed a look-in this session.

Poland is said to be the biggest cemetery in Europe. When the war is over it will be one of the greatest attractions. The tourist mind turns naturally to the dead ones.

The Peace Mission was too much for Henry Ford, but he will have credit for the will if he does not fall in the deed.

The Baltimore & Ohio ought to run a few Third Train out of West Virginia.

"A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," says the old saw, but the Christmas of 1915 turned very white before it came to a close. We will hope that it changed its mind and the problem.

Activity in Greene county coal has been "red-hot" before, but announcement of the Thompson-suffrage has been made. It looks as if somebody wanted these coal lands.

Sure, Barnhart is not dying. She is just advertising another farewell tour of the United States.

When it takes hold grip is no respecter of persons.

The attempt to run the South Connellsville car without either conductor or motorman was not a success though the car pretty nearly got away with it.

The Christmas spirit was on the naughty billboard in season.

When it comes to switching charges the Interstate Commerce Commission have individual rulings.

Some of the whisky confiscated for the Connellsville hospital will be useful for outward application.

The clerks in the stores, the express offices and the postoffice were all glad enough when Christmas was over, though they are always game enough to have it come.

"I'll Get Him When He Crosses the Line."



On Bills.

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "A Good Old Swank."

There are a great many bills in this nation who are really like swank, including Bill Taft, Bill Bryan, Bill White and others of almost equal size, both nationally and constitutionally.

There are also a large number of bills which don't leave at all. These years, the last names first and include the well-known and despised Gus Bill, Grover's Bill, Cool Bill, Crandall Bill and Military Bill. It is of these bills and their ilk that we propose to speak.

This sort of bill is a bigger nuisance than the mosquito bill and is much more serious. No screens or bugnets can keep it out of the home. It can't be killed by a snap of the hand, Cold weather has no effect upon it. It sneaks into a happy household by way of the multi-box or when the sneaky alien has sneaked down stairs at 7 A. M. to answer the door bell. It is waiting in the hands of a collector to pounce upon him and drain his pocket-book dry.

Bills arrive on the first of the month in vast flocks and remain persistently around, blocking off pleasure. In the most homesick manner, they are overcast, has been pushed forward a year by a busy law bill. Many a bill has been overtaken by the year just in time to slaughter a summer vacation and a bright blue automobile in it has been shattered by the arrival of a bill for last year's coal with heavy taxes over it.



Next month it will have a tail like a comet.

Bills are remorseless to the extravagant man, bloodhounds to the unfortunate man, nuisances to the prosperous man, and boon companions to the dead beat. A bill, next to a weed, is the quickest growing thing in creation. You can start a tiny bill at a department store and when it comes to visit you the next month it will have a tail like a comet.

A brand-new bill is not disagreeable to have around, but its disposition grows very fast. A month-old bill is grieved when you meet it, a two months' old bill is indignant and a four months' old bill is a raging lion. Some people are happy with bills three years old. But then other men live happily with brand-new bills. Indigestion and a leaden bath. There is no accounting for tastes.

Bills are dangerous but not fatal and can be easily rendered entirely harmless. To destroy a bill take a sum of money equal to the size of the bill and give it to the perpetrator of the bill. He will then stamp the bill on the face with the word "Paid" which renders it as harmless as a fly that has been stamped on the face with a gatling.

Camden Buys Coal Land.
It is reported in Johnstown that the Camden Steel Company has purchased a large tract of coal land in the South Fork field.

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, County of Fayette, ss:
Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public within and for said county and state, personally appeared James J. McPartland, who being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is Assistant Manager of Circulation of The Courier, a daily newspaper published in Connellsville, Pa., and that the number of papers printed during the week ending Saturday, December 25, 1915, was as follows:

Dec. 20.....6,062 Dec. 21.....6,506
Dec. 21.....6,000 Dec. 22.....6,498
Dec. 22.....6,000 Dec. 23.....6,498
Dec. 23.....6,000 Dec. 24.....6,498
Dec. 24.....6,000 Dec. 25.....6,498

Total.....32,194
Daily Average.....6,439
That the daily circulation by months for the year 1915 to date was as follows:

1915: Month, Daily Av.
January.....179,888 6,000
February.....140,482 5,000
March.....189,281 6,000
April.....182,661 6,000
May.....179,280 6,000
June.....177,500 6,000
July.....179,000 6,000
August.....178,288 6,000
September.....179,000 6,000
October.....177,711 6,000
November.....178,288 6,000
December.....177,501 6,000

Total.....1,900,112 6,000
And further swears that:
JAMES J. McPARTLAND,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of December, 1915.
Notary Public.

Notary Public.

Notary Public.

Notary Public.

Notary Public.

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After Christmas Bargains A Genuine Clean Up

We find after Christmas we have a number of odds and ends in Christmas novelties, and during this week, or until New Year's Day, we are closing them out at special reduced prices. It is often the custom to give presents on New Year's day, and here is the opportunity for people who have delayed their shopping. We have some odds and ends in toys; we have numerous broken lines in men's and women's raiment, and it is our intention to close them all out. It is a clearance sale of Holiday goods.

During the first week in January we are going to start general clearance sales in every one of our stores. It will be a real clean-up; a genuine cleaning up of all odds and ends. It will affect every department in each of our sixty-three stores. Watch the announcements; attend the sales. Take advantage of this great opportunity to supply yourself with winter clothing, winter shoes, all sorts of dry goods and furnishings; even the furniture departments are offering bargains—every department. There are some special lines in the grocery department, and in the provision department. It is a great chance to make money. All goods first class, guaranteed to be entirely satisfactory. If not so, your money will be refunded.

Union Supply Co.

63 Large Department Stores
Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny Counties.

We Thank

Our customers for the biggest Christmas business in the history of our store.

We Believe

That good footwear at fair prices and a good store service had a lot to do with it.

Our best wishes are yours for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

HOOPER & LONG'S

The Rummage Sales

Christmas week is a week of energetic merchandising.

The stores find the busiest season over and another heavy buying period ahead.

And in the few days in between—the holidays—they must right stocks.

And in addition must provide the novelties desired at this season of the year.

So from every angle of observance the stores are most interesting places to visit.

And the best ones to see are described in the advertising columns of The Courier.

THE VALUE

of well-printed neat-appearing stationery as a means of getting and holding desirable business has been amply demonstrated. Consult us before going elsewhere.

TRY OUR

CLASSIFIED ADLETS.
10 A WORD

THE LATEST WORD ABOUT NEW FUR COATS FOR WOMEN



THE SEAL OF ALL LUXURY

One finds many pelts used in their natural state for topcoats. This does not mean they are more attractive than when they have passed through the experienced hands of dyer and dresser. A merely indicates that, although furs are plentiful enough, the scarcity of

eyes and dressers has made it almost imperative to use them as natural. Most of the new muffs made of short haired furs are mink shaped, some are fashioned in the shape of a fox, and all are much smaller than those of last year. It would seem that fur is going into furs and chokers, for collars are high

and higher, while stoles are as broad as a woman's shoulders can well carry them. All kinds of fox are popular, and beaver sets cut on the new lines are decidedly smart and useful. The soft tone going well with almost any modish suit.

One of our illustrations is very elaborate in its effect, the upper part being draped in blouse fashion, giving a petal-like front. Three huge seal covered buttons serve as fasteners. Around the bottom of the long, rippling flare runs a band of skunk fur, which also fur-trimmed the cuffs and high roll collar. This, sumptuous coat, lined with a beautiful satin of rose and metal embroidery and worn over a velvet skirt, also band with skunk fur, gives a very handsome effect.

The other three-quarter length coat is also seal, fashioned with a wide belt of fur. The flaring collar and the bottom of the skirt are bordered with pointed fox, which also borders the chunky muff, with its puttees at both ends. Especially effective is the collar of black velvet trim and white, high crown dashed with the tip of a fox tail. Still another wrap not quite so elaborate

rate is the long Hudson seal trimmed with three bands of narrow opossum, which almost give the effect of three ruffs. The novelty of this coat is its detachable collar and cuffs. The mink shaped muff speaks the last word of smartness, as does the high pressed hat with its delicate roses.

Beauty of outline is the distinction of the other coat, banded with wide stripes of beaver. Cuffs, collar and muff of the same fur give a very full impression of harmony and richness. The jaunty velvet hat that goes well with this wrap is trimmed with a very rich feather, which overhangs the brim.

The luxurious wrap of minkskin is imported, designed by Cherut. The blouse gives a surprise effect, while the trim waist line is snugly abetted by a very wide skirt that ripples and waves and checkerboards in the most inevitable manner. A detachable black fox collar hugs the throat snugly, while large patch pockets of minkskin give a very smart dash to the front. A trim turban with a stunning coque feather draping gracefully over the last smart touch in this beautiful garment.

Doesn't and dozens of perfectly good muffs and neckpieces in all probability will be ruthlessly cut up this winter to make trimmings for new frocks and tailcoats, for, whether or not one possesses a set of furs, a fur trimmed suit one must have, and several fur trimmed frocks if possible. Fashion is fairly mad over fur trimmings, and they are added wherever it is possible to sew a bit of fur bordering to fabric. No sort will come amiss, and it is the time of times to get out discarded muffs and linings from their camouflaged wrappings and put them to good service in the interest of winter costumes. Long strips, cut from the best of the fur, will go on tunics and coat edges and tiny scraps, sewed in strips, will make modish trimmings for collars, sleeves and reverses. The dark furs are favored particularly by Dame Fashion. Sable, seal and skunk are in special demand for border trimmings, and beaver—what beautiful, warm colored pelts—has a vogue all its own. Lynx is used on tailored suits of dark green or black cloth and on evening gowns of black tulle or lace. Leopard and chipmunk, definitely marked as these furs

are, will be used occasionally and when rightly used, prove very smart. In that accord, well with short haired furs, and, of course, velvet fur trimmings, stands in a class by itself as a winter combination of elegance and distinction.

These fur trimmed suits aim at quiet richness rather than at any showy trickery.

worsted rap have a texture and water that accord well with short haired furs, and, of course, velvet fur trimmings, stands in a class by itself as a winter combination of elegance and distinction.

These fur trimmed suits aim at quiet richness rather than at any showy trickery.

SENDS FATHER TO LIFE BANISHMENT

Man Who Shot Wife Given \$9,000 to Leave Town.

SERVED NINE YEARS IN JAIL

Was About to Start Court Proceedings to Obtain Share of Estate of Woman Killed When Son Offered Him Money to Leave Vicinity—Agreement Binds Both Parties.

"To be forever rid of the danger of humiliation of meeting his father-in-law, Guy Mott, of New York, has agreed to give his son, Dr. Samuel S. Guy, who killed his wife in 1907, \$9,000 to quit that place forever and relinquish all claim to his wife's estate of \$200,000. "As a matter of fact," said young Mott, "I consider \$9,000 a cheap price for knowing that I will never see my father again. I have changed my name to Mott so that the same of Guy may be used as infrequently as possible." Dr. Guy was a prosperous dentist, politically and socially prominent, when he shot his wife in her home. He was indicted, convicted of first degree manslaughter and sentenced to nine years in Sing Sing.

Released After Nine Years.

He was released from prison last year and immediately resented, for Dr. Guy was a prosperous dentist, politically and socially prominent, when he shot his wife in her home. He was indicted, convicted of first degree manslaughter and sentenced to nine years in Sing Sing.

junction proceeding, contending that it would not be equitable to permit a man to profit by a capital crime of which he had been convicted.

Leander B. Faber of Jamaica was named to take testimony, but will never be called upon to make a report for the boy and his father used and the latter agreed to the terms of his offer.

Five thousand dollars was paid in cash, and the remainder is to be settled in four yearly installments of \$1,000 each.

"It is probable," said the family's lawyer, "that we should have won our case in court, but young Mott preferred to get rid of his father at once, and he made a very satisfactory arrangement."

Dr. Guy has returned for the Pacific coast. When he returns he expects to buy and live upon a farm in Rhode Island.

BRITISH BIRTH RATE FALLS

Forty Thousand Fewer Babies a Year in Ninety-six English Towns.

The tremendous influence of the war in checking the normal growth of the population is shown conclusively by the statistics which have just been compiled for ninety-six of the largest towns in the United Kingdom, says the New York World.

The total decrease in the number of births in these places is at the rate of 40,000 annually, while the increase in deaths is 50,000 a year, the comparison being made with the year 1913.

In the county of London the decrease in births during the last thirteen weeks, compared with the corresponding period of 1913, is over 3,000, while the increase in deaths is 1,370. Greater London, including what the register general calls the "outer ring," shows a total decrease of 33,000 births and an increase in the number of deaths of 20,000, making a net decrease in the population of 53,000 compared with the year 1913.

"These figures are counted on to stimulate more than ever the public and private effort now being concentrated on the problem of infantile mor-

ality.

There has been a marked increase in the death rate among persons over fifty years old. Many deaths among these elderly people are caused by their inability to go to warmer climates, as they usually have done, during the cold weather.

Quercutia, heart disease and cerebral hemorrhage, augmented by worry and excitement, caused 400 deaths in London during the week ending Nov. 20—an increase of more than 100 compared with the same week of last year.

STUDENTS STUDYING SLANG

Power and Literary Significance of Talk of the Street Analyzed.

"Neologism—The use of a new word, words or monosyllables, especially the use of an expression not yet sanctioned by conventional good usage." (Webster.)

Some University of Chicago freshmen have just organized a neological club.

Father will get his monthly epistle from Willie like this: "Dear Papa—I just grabbed my pen in fast to shoot you a couple of spasms and bid you to be for the love of Mike lenten when it comes to disliking out this week's life preserver."

The club will study the origin of words, the power of slang and the literary significance of new and popular phrases. Its motto is taken from Dean James Weber Linn's "Essentials of English Composition." It reads: "The idea behind slang is a good one—a search for the power and suggestiveness of words." John M. Steadman, instructor in freshman English, is the club's faculty adviser.

Planned, but Never Written.

Among literary works planned, but never written, have been a "Life of Hamlet" by Stevenson; "History of the Wars in Flanders" by Sir Richard Steele; "Life of Shakespeare" by Thackeray; and "A History of Our Versacular Literature," by Isaac Dis-

Some Queer Ones

Box of wedding cake to travel from Guy Mottson, N. Y., to brother of bride in Africa.

At ninety-nine years Jeremiah Paulsell has taken out license to hunt big game in Oregon.

Newly written sermon on "The Great Not Seal" about all a burglar left in robbing home of Hartford (Conn.) clergyman.

Four thousand pounds of pineapple juice cured Pennsylvania man who for weeks had tried to cure himself with hundreds of remedies.

"Wild" woman, who said she was alive, broke chain in St. Louis, and when hit a woman spectator murmured, "I beg your pardon, dearie, but I didn't mean to do it."

Match in manhole blew cover and two boys into the air in Brooklyn after youngsters had refused to play with a little stranger, who dropped in the match through revenge.

Private was cleared to public travel by doctor near Boston, the selection cut off the water and electricity from his home and took away the street lights and fire hydrants.

EDISON SHARES NOBEL PRIZE

Svedberg Receives Coveted Award in Chemistry.

The Swedish government has decided to distribute the Nobel prizes as follows:

Physics, Thomas A. Edison and Nikola Tesla; Literature, Roman Rolland (French); Hendrik Pontoppidan and Dreus Lund (Danish); and Yersin von Heldenstein (Swedish); Chemistry, Professor Theodor Svedberg.

BY RUSSIAN ENGINEER CARRIES SIX TURKS TO DEATH

Explaining Submarine Machinery, He Carries Vessel to Sink.

"A story of an extraordinary exploit by a member of the crew of a captured French submarine reaches me through the London press, got into difficulties in the sea of Marmora and was unable to avoid capture, he crew being taken prisoners. The submarine was placed on exhibition at Constantinople and visited by a number of members of the Turkish general staff, accompanied by some Turkish engineers. The latter were asked to explain the working of the vessel to the officers, but their explanation was insufficient, and they were unable to do so. Then the officers, being greatly interested, sent a messenger to bring one of the French engineers to whom the desire of the Turkish officers was explained.

"The Frenchman saw he might have an opportunity of displaying his submarine and left a note for his comrades prisoners, saying what he would do if he had a chance, bidding them goodbye and writing 'Vive la patrie' at the end of the note.

"While on board the submarine, the Frenchman managed to set the machinery going before it was noticed what he was doing. There must in all probability have been a struggle in the submarine as it sped away from shore, but at all events it was seen at some distance from the spot where it had been on exhibition, and then it was observed to sink.

"The number of officers stated to be on board the lost vessel is six."

Society may desire you, integrity never will.—Oswell.

DYNAMITE SHIP IN TOWLS

Cargo Worth Four Times Original Cost, but it's Bankrupting the Captain.

Lying off Staten Island is a German steamship with a cargo of British dynamite and no place to go. The explosive is now worth four times what it was when the vessel, dodging British cruisers off Sandy Hook, reached the safety of the port of New York soon after the war started.

But the German captain can't sell the dynamite because it belongs to British consignment. And unless he sells it, he won't have enough money to pay wharfage charges and so will have to pass the winter at anchor in the fairway at the mercy of floating ice.

The India is the steamship. Last winter, she docked at the municipal pier, Stapleton, having a special rate. This year it is A. O. Smith, dock commissioner, demanded regular daily wharfage, which will soon eat up the value of the cargo and the ship as well.

The Bed of Ware.

A famous piece of furniture is the "bed of Ware," which was formerly preserved at the home called the "Surrey House," at Ware, England, but removed to Rye House in 1819. It is considered one of the curiosities of England and measures twelve feet square. It is made of oak elaborately carved and is surrounded by a canopy supported by a lofty headboard and two massive bedposts at the foot. Two persons can occupy this bed comfortably at one time.

The bed bears the date 1490, but antiquaries think it is not older than the time of Elizabeth. Some authorities say that it was offered for sale in 1864 and was bid in by Charles Dickens, while others claim that Dickens' offer of \$300 was not considered sufficient and it was bid in by the owner.

Chinese Language.

The Chinese language is very difficult to learn, for although there is no alphabet, it is necessary to master about 2,000 Chinese characters.

HAVE SUNK 508 SHIPS

German and Austro-Hungarian submarines to date have sunk 508 ships, according to a news dispatch from Berlin. The total tonnage of the vessels sunk is given as 917,819.

NEW MODEL CITY TO BE DRY

Sunday Observance, Also to Be Enforced in Wisconsin Town.

The economic value of decent living and of Sunday observance is getting a thorough test on a great publicity work at Wisconsin, Wis., where the Wisconsin Light and Power company is constructing a \$2,000,000 dam in the building of a model city by the company, giving homes to 1,000 persons.

The company will provide amusement such as educational movie picture theaters, establish a hospital and will make the city sanitary in every particular.

Among the first rules laid down by the company is that there shall be no desecration of the Sabbath; that gambling shall be barred and that no intoxicants shall be tolerated.

The Red Shirt of Italy.

The red shirt, destined to become so famous a symbol throughout Europe, was not at first adopted by Garibaldi for any fantastic or spectacular reason. The English Admiral, Ingham, says that the red shirt had its origin in stern necessity, and that its adoption was caused by the need of clothing as economically as possible for the liberation of Italy. An offer was made by a tradesman to supply as a reduced price a large stock of red woolen shirts. This offer was eagerly closed on. Reformers had passed the red shirt because the symbol not merely of the fight, but of the new spirit working for the liberation of Italy.—Atlantic Constitution.

THE SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

The fierce winter had now descended upon us. Gale followed gale, with snow and sleet and rain. The seals had started on their great southern migration, and the rocky was practically deserted. I worked feverishly, in spite of the bad weather, and of the wind, which especially hindered me. I was on deck from daylight till dark, and made substantial progress.

I profited by my lesson learned through raising the shears, and then climbing them to attach the guys. To the top of the foremast, which was just lifted conveniently from the deck, I attached the rigging, stays and throat and peak halyards. As usual, I had underrated the amount of work involved in this portion of the task, and two long days were necessary to complete it. And there was so much yet to be done—the sails, for instance, which practically had to be made over.

While I toiled at rigging the foremast, Maud sewed on canvas, ready always to drop everything and come



While I toiled at rigging the Foremast, Maud Sewed on Canvas.

to my assistance, when more hands than two were required. The canvas was heavy and hard, and she sewed with the regular sailor's palm and three-cornered sail-needle. Her hands were soon sorely blistered, but she struggled bravely on, and in addition doing the cooking and taking care of the sick man.

"A lie for superstition," I said on Friday morning. "That mast, goes in today."

Everything was ready for the attempt. Carrying the boom-tackle to the windlass, I hoisted the mast nearly clear of the deck. Making this tackle fast, I took to the windlass the shears-tackle (which was connected with the end of the boom) and with a few turns had the mast perpendicular and clear.

Maud clasped her hands the instant she was relieved from holding the turn, crying:

"It works! It works! We'll trust our lives to it!"

Then she assumed a rueful expression.

"It's not over the holo," she said.

"Will you have to begin all over?"

I smiled in superior fashion, and shaking away on the boom-tackle, I brought the butt of the mast into position directly over the hole in the deck.

Then I gave Maud careful instructions for lowering away and went into the hold to the step on the schooner's bottom.

I called to her, and the mast moved easily and accurately. Square fitted into square. The mast was stepped.

I raised a shout, and she ran down to sea. In the yellow lantern light we peered at what we had accomplished. We looked at each other, and our hands felt their way and clasped. The eyes of both of us, I think, were moist with the joy of success.

"It was done so easily after all," I remarked. "All the work was in the preparation."

"And all the wonder in the completion," Maud added. "I can scarcely bring myself to realize that that great mast is really up in; that you have lifted it from the water, swung it through the air, and deposited it here where it belongs. It's a Titan's task."

"And they made themselves many inventions," I began merrily, then paused to sniff the air.

I looked hastily at the lantern. It was not smoking. Again I sniffed.

"Something is burning," Maud said, with sudden conviction.

"We sprang together for the ladder, but I raced past her to the deck. A dense volume of smoke was pouring out the steersman's companionway."

"The Wolf is not yet dead!" I muttered to myself as I sprang down through the smoke.

It was so thick in the confined space that I was compelled to feel my way; and so potent was the spell of Wolf Larsen on my imagination, I was quite prepared for the best. I sprang up my neck in a moment, and I kept

the deck in my back and

the steps to the deck almost overpowered me. Then I recollected Maud. The vision of her, as I had last seen her, in the lantern light of the schooner's hold, her brown eyes warm and moist with joy, flashed before me, and I knew that I could not so easily.

I was shaking and retreating by the time I reached Wolf Larsen's bunk. I reached my hand and felt for him.

He was lying motionless, but moved slightly at the touch of my hand.

I felt over and under his blankets. There was no warmth, no sign of life. Yet that smoke which blinded me and made me cough and gasp must have a source. I lost my head temporarily and dashed frantically about the stateroom.

A collision with the table partially knocked the wind from my body and brought me to myself. I reasoned that a helpless man could start a fire only near where he lay.

I returned to Wolf Larsen's bunk. There I encountered Maud. How long she had been there in that suffocating atmosphere I could not guess.

"Go up on deck!" I commanded peremptorily.

"But, Humphrey—" she began to protest in a queer, husky voice.

"Please! please!" I shouted at her harshly.

She drew away obediently, and then I thought: What if she cannot find the steps? I started after her, to stop at the foot of the companionway.

Perhaps she had gone up. As I stood there, hesitant, I heard her cry softly:

"Oh, Humphrey, I am lost!"

I found her tumbling at the wall of the after bulkhead, and, half loading her, half carrying her, I took her up the companionway. The pure air was like nectar. Maud was only faint and dizzy, and I left her lying on the deck when I took my second plunge below.

The source of the smoke must be very close to Wolf Larsen's bunk, for I was made up to this, and I went straight to his bunk. As I felt about among his blankets, something hot fell on the back of my hand. It burned me, and I jerked my hand away. Then I understood. Through the crack in the bottom of the upper bunk he had set fire to the mattress. He still retained sufficient use of his left arm to do this. The damp straw of the mattress, freed from beneath and de-livered of straw, had been smoldering all the while.

As I dragged the mattress out of the bunk it seemed to disintegrate in mid-air, at the same time bursting into flames. I hunk out the burning remnants of straw in the bunk, then made a dash for the deck for fresh air.

Several buckets of water sufficed to put out the burning mattress in the middle of the stowage floor; and ten minutes later, when the smoke had fairly cleared, I allowed Maud to come below. Wolf Larsen was unconscious; but it was a matter of minutes for the fresh air to restore him. We were working over him, however, when he sighed for paper and pencil.

"Pray do not interrupt me," he wrote. "I am smiling."

"I am still a bit of the ferment you see," he wrote a little later.

"I am glad you are as small a bit as you are," I said.

"Thank you," he wrote. "But just think of how much smaller I shall be before I die."

"And yet I am all here, Humphrey," I wrote with a final flourish. "I can think more clearly than ever in my life before. Nothing to disturb me. Concentration is perfect. I am all here and more than here."

It was like a message from the night of the grave; for this man's body had become his mausoleum. And there, in so strange a posture, his spirit fluttered and lived. It would flutter and live till the last line of communication was broken, and then we would work over him, however, when he might continue to flutter and live?

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on it. Then Maud pressed and held the fingers about the pencil with her own hand, and the hand wrote in large letters, and so slowly that the minutes ticked off to each letter:

"B-O-S-H."

It was Wolf Larsen's last word, "boah," skeptical and inevitable to the end. The arm and hand relaxed. The trunk of the body moved slightly. Then there was no movement. Maud released the hand. The fingers spread slightly, falling apart of their own weight, and the pencil rolled away.

"What good is it?" I shouted, holding the fingers and waiting for the single pressure which would signify "Yes." There was no response. The hand was dead.

"I noticed the lips slightly move," Maud said.

I repeated the question. The lips moved. She placed the tips of her fingers on them. Again I repeated the question. "Yes," Maud announced. We looked at each other expectantly.

"What good is it?" I asked. "What can we say now?"

"Oh, she's dead," she said.

"Ask him something that requires no for an answer," I suggested.

"Then we will know with certainty," I said.

"Are you hungry?" she cried.

"The lips moved under her fingers," she answered. "Yes."

"Will you have some beer?" was her next query.

"No," she answered.

"Bestial!"

"You will have some booties," she said, quietly looking up at me.

"Until his hearing goes we shall be able to communicate with him. And after that—"

She looked at me queerly. I saw her lips trembling and the tears swimming up in her eyes. She swayed toward me and I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, Humphrey," she sobbed, "when will it all end? I am so tired, so weary."

She buried her head on my shoulder, her frail form shaken with a storm of weeping. She was like a child in my arms, so slender, so ethereal.

"She has been down at last," I thought. "What can I do without her help?"

But I soothed and comforted her, till she pulled herself bravely together and recognized me again as quickly as she would to do physically.

"I ought to be ashamed of my self," she said. Then added, with the whimsical smile I adored, "but I am only one small woman."

That phrase, the "one small woman," startled me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love phrase for her.

"Where did you get that phrase?"

"I dragged the mattress out of the bunk," she said.

I demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her:

"What purpose?" she asked.

"One small woman," she asked.

"Is it yours?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "mine. I made it."

"Then you must have talked in your sleep," she smiled.

The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I leaned toward her. Without volition I leaned toward her, as a tree is swayed by the wind. Ah, we were very close together in that moment.

But she shook her head, as one might shake off sleep or a dream, saying:

"I have known it all my life. It was my father's name for my mother."

"It is my phrase, too," I said stubbornly.

"For your mother?"

"No," I answered, and the question no further, though I could have sworn her eyes retained for some time a mocking, teasing expression.

With the foremast in the work now went on again. Almost before I knew it, and without the slightest hitch, I had the mainmast stepped. A den-

rick-room, rigged to the foremast, had accomplished this, and several days more found all stays and shrouds in place, and everything set up taut. Top-

sails would be a nuisance and a danger for a crew of two, so I hoisted the topmast on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed in finishing the sails and putting them on. There were only three—the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the Ghost.

"But they'll work!" Maud cried jubilantly. "We'll make them work, and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many, now trunks, I shone least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power

to bring the schooner to some northern port of Japan. In fact, I had crammed navigation from text books aboard, and besides, there was Wolf Larsen's star-scale, so simple a device that a child could work it.

As for the inventor, beyond an increasing darkness and the movement of the lips growing fainter and fainter, there had been little change in his condition for a week. But on the day two finished lashing the schooner's sails, he heard his last, and the last movement of his lips died away—but not before I had asked him, "Are you all there?" and the lips had answered, "Yes."

The last day was down. Somewhere within that tomb of the flesh still dwelt the soul of the man. Waited by the living clay, that last intelligence we had known burned on, but it burned on a diminished fuel. The Ghost's stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, some of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked at it.

"I did it, I did it!" With my own hands I did it! I wanted to cry aloud. But Maud and I had a way of voicing each other's thoughts, and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainmast:

"Think, Humphrey, you did it all with your own hands!"

"But there were two other hands," I answered. "Two small hands, and Jack's, that was a phrase said of your father."

She laughed and shook her head, and held her hands up for inspection.

"I can never get them clean again," she said, "but softer the weather."

"Then, dirt and weather-beat, shall be your guardian of honor," I said, holding them in mine, and in spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed that I kissed. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not forbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of double-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass, and now I hoisted the mainmast, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foremast and mainmast were up and fluttering.

"We can never get that anchor up in this narrow place, once it has left the bottom," I said. "We should be on the rocks first."

"Nyah, can you do?" she asked.

"Surely," was my answer. "And when I do, you must do your first work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at the same time you must be hoisting the jib."

"That maneuver of getting under way I had studied and worked over a score of times, and with the jib-halyard to the windlass, I knew Maud was capable of hoisting that most necessary sail. A brisk wind was blowing from the cove, and though the water was calm, rapid work was required to get us safely out."

When I knocked the shackles loose the chain roared out through the hawsehole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The Ghost seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first bill of her sails. The jib was rising. As it filled the Ghost's bow swung off and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib-sheet which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that, but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety for the Ghost was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her hook into the wind. There was a great muttering and flapping of canvas, and responses, "most welcome to my ears, then, she filled away on the other tack."

Maud had finished her task, and came aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wild and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the Ghost, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing grounds, stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about and the Ghost headed out to open sea. She had now caught the breeze-breathing of the ocean, and was herself a-breast

with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been calm and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a welcome omen, and shone upon the curving beach where together we had dared the lords of the haven and slain the holluschickles. All Endeavor Island brightened under the sun. Even the grim, southwestern promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and danced in the sun.

"I shall always think of it with pride," I said to Maud.

She threw her head back in a queenly way, but said, "Dear, dear Endeavor Island! I shall always love it!"

"And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in a great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chamberlain's cough remedy.

This preparation is especially valuable for colds, and its remarkable properties have won for it a wide reputation. It acts on nature's plan, loosens a cold, relieves the lungs, opens the secretory and eliminatory system, and restores the system to a healthy condition, obtainable everywhere.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The day came for our departure. There was no longer anything to be said or done. Endeavor Island. The Ghost's stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, some of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked at it.

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At the Theatres.

SOISSON THEATRE
"THE MASQUERADERS"—The
 al comedian Chas. Chaplin comes to
 the Soisson Theatre today in the ro-
 mantic comedy, "The Masqueraders." It
 is full of fun, and everybody will
 enjoy it. Warren Kerrigan appears to-
 day in the first of three serials, two
 reels drama, "The Palace of Dust."
 Kerrigan plays the role of a gallant
 Irish soldier of fortune, Terence O'
 Burke who saves more for adventures
 than he does his own life. The two
 reel imp drama, "The Little Lady
 Across the Way" has Matt Moore and
 Jane Gail in the leads. It tells a de-
 lightful net door neighbor story of a
 every day life one of life's little ro-
 mances that found its way to the
 screen. Cleo Madison is the star to-
 day in the romantic two reel drama,
 "The Power of Pheasant." It is a thrill-
 ing story of a man's love for a woman
 of the Antislavery Weekly has a num-
 ber of German War scenes, Pheasant
 Peace Pilgrims and a host of other
 good scenes. Tomorrow the famous



GLOBE THEATRE.

"ZAZA"—The supreme emotional
 article, will be seen tomorrow in a
 realistic and magnificent production
 of the immortal drama, "Zaza." Miss
 Frederick will be supported by Julian
 E. Brennan, Ruth Sinclair, Mark
 Smith, Charles Butler, Walter Craven,
 Maude Granger, Blanche Fisher and
 Helen Stuart. "Zaza" is one of the
 greatest dramatic achievements yet
 contributed to the screen. The nat-
 ural sympathy and humanity with
 which Miss Frederick has interpreted
 the emotional and complex character
 of the Paris music hall singer is a fine
 ment to her amazing histrionic
 powers. "Zaza" is one of the few
 greatest stage roles ever created any

ARCADIA THEATRE.
"NEEDRA"—When two love-
 sick young people run off to be married
 and aren't caught—they usually get
 married. It was different with Grace
 Vernon and Hugh Ridgeway, though.
 We're out by the social affairs given in
 honor of their approaching marriage.
 The scene in the wee small hours of
 a certain summer morning, and being
 mistaken for house-reckers, by the
 maid and other members of the
 household, are pointed. A couple of
 tops as added starters make the chase



even more interesting, and they don't
 breathe the unity until, a couple of hours
 after they come out from their hiding
 place and find themselves at sea. Not
 nearly as much "at sea" then, how-
 ever, as later, when Hugh finds that
 Grace is much smitten with Henry
 Veath, an old time friend of his. Hugh
 cares nothing about the fact that
 Lady Tenny, another passenger, seems
 to care more for his society than for
 anyone else's.
 Comes a typhoon, the ship is dashed
 on the rocks, and in the ensuing dark-
 ness and panic Hugh makes a brave at-

tempt to save one who clings closely to
 him—one he thinks to be Grace. Then
 blackness, and with returning con-
 sciousness and the light, the realiza-
 tion that he is cast away on a strange
 tropical isle—the isle of Needra—with
 Lady Tenny.
 Add to this that they are found and
 worshipped as two gods by the savage
 natives of the isle—that their en-
 forced wedding is interrupted by the
 flaming of a United States ship—that
 Hugh loses home only to find Grace
 married to Veath—that he finds he
 doesn't care a particle—that he rushes
 back to Lady Tenny—and you have
 just a bare conception of the most ro-
 mantic love story ever filmed. Don't
 fail to see it at the Arcadia today.

SPRINGFIELD

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 26—Upham
 and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gans of
 Carroll county, W. Va., are visiting
 friends and relatives here and in
 Springfield township.
 Mrs. C. C. Sturges of Anderson
 Creek Roads, was a borough shopper
 on Thursday.
 Dr. F. R. Goodwin of Downing, was
 a business visitor Friday.
 Miss Lydia Medcoe of Nicholson
 township was a borough caller on
 Friday.
 G. L. Conn of Springfield township,
 was a caller in the borough Friday.
 Joseph P. Conn of Georges township
 No. 1, was a business visitor here on
 Friday.
 Miss Eda Ryan of Salsburg, is at the
 home of her parents here and Mrs.
 W. N. Ryan to spend her Christmas
 vacation.
 Clark Downey was a business visitor
 in Uniontown Friday.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Moore of Cheat
 Haven spent yesterday with Mr. and
 Mrs. J. N. O'Neil.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Breckinridge of
 Tumble were borough business visitors
 on Friday.
 Patronize those who advertise.

SOISSON THEATRE
5c. TODAY 10c.

CHAS. CHAPLIN IN THE ROARING COMEDY
"THE MASQUERADERS"
 WARREN KERRIGAN IN THE TWO BLUE ROMANTIC DRAMA
"THE PALACE OF DUST"
 CLEO MADISON IN THE MEXICAN DRAMA
"POWER OF PHEASANT"
 MATT MOORE AND JANE GAIL IN THE TWO REEL IMP DRAMA
"LITTLE LADY ACROSS THE WAY"
 THE NEW UP-TO-DATE SCENES IN THE
ANIMATED WEEKLY
TOMORROW
 THE GIFTED BROADWAY ACTRESS JULIA DEAN IN THE SIX
 REEL DRAMA
"JUDGE NOT"

WRIGHT-METZLER CO.
Offers Remarkable After Christmas Savings By Closing the
Old Year With a Tremendous
Sale of Women's Outer Apparel

Including Suits, Coats, Furs, Dresses, Skirts, Waists, Sweaters, Petticoats,
 Millinery and Bath Robes. Every Garment of Standard Quality and Style.

All Suits
ONLY HALF PRICE

—Poplins, Serges, Whipcords, Gabardines,
 Broadcloths and Velvets—all of which are good,
 fashionable, serviceable materials. Nearly all
 are trimmed with beautiful Fur or Brand. Some
 with BOTEL. A few are plainly tailored. Models
 fashioned with Convertible Collars are shown in
 abundance. All the season's best colors to
 choose from, such as Navy, Copen, African
 Brown, Russian Green, and Black. Those who
 come early will find a good assortment of sizes to
 select from.

Suits that were formerly \$15.00, now only \$ 7.50
 Suits that were formerly \$19.75, now only \$ 9.88
 Suits that were formerly \$25.00, now only \$12.50
 Suits that were formerly \$29.75, now only \$14.88
 Suits that were formerly \$35.00, now only \$17.50
 Suits that were formerly \$45.00, now only \$22.50


Fifty Coats
ONLY HALF PRICE

—Good warm Coats, including all the styles most
 in demand for the Winter Season. Plushes,
 Velours, Corduroys, Boucles, Broadcloths, Vel-
 vets, Tancy Mixtures and a great many others.
 Fashioned with the popular military and con-
 vertible collars. Some are fur trimmed. Many
 splendid belted effects. Colors are Brown, Green,
 Black and Mixtures. Every Coat among the fifty
 is new this season. A full range of sizes to start
 with, but we advise you to come early as these
 will go very quickly.

Regular \$25.00 Coats, are now only \$12.50
 Regular \$29.75 Coats, are now only \$14.88
 Regular \$35.00 Coats, are now only \$17.50
 Regular \$37.50 Coats, are now only \$18.75
 Regular \$42.50 Coats, are now only \$21.25
 Regular \$45.00 Coats, are now only \$22.50

All Dresses
ONLY HALF PRICE

—Velvets, Serges, Poplins, Char-
 meuse, Crepe de Chines, Taffetas and
 Combination Effects.

Dresses that were \$ 7.50, now \$ 3.75
 Dresses that were \$10.00, now \$ 5.00
 Dresses that were \$12.50, now \$ 6.25
 Dresses that were \$15.00, now \$ 7.50
 Dresses that were \$17.50, now \$ 8.75
 Dresses worth to \$30.75, now \$15.38

All Sweaters
ONE-FOURTH OFF

—All of customary Wright-Metzler
 quality and in all the wanted colors.
 Children's \$1.00 to \$3.50 Sweaters,
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